

The
Spectrum



1943-44

Class of '44
LONDON NORMAL SCHOOL

Presents

The
Spectrum



*We dedicate this book to the Principal and the Staff
who have given us such excellent inspiration and guidance*



NORMAL SCHOOL—LONDON, ONTARIO
Erected in 1899.



G. W. HOFFERD,
M.A., D.Paed.
Science, Agriculture,
Horticulture.



T. E. CLARKE,
B.A., B.Paed.
Science of Education,
Grammar and
Composition.



R. H. ROBERTS,
M.A.
School Management,
Mathematics,
Primary Reading.

J. G. McEACHERN,
B.A., B.Paed.
Speech, Reading and
Literature,
Social Studies.



C. E. MARK,
B.A., D.Paed.
Principal.
School Man-
agement,
Social Studies,
Spelling.





DOROTHY EMERY,
A.O.C.A.,
Instructress in Art.



GRACE CONOVER,
B.S., M.A.
Dean of Women,
Instructress in Home,
Economics and Hygiene



LOUISE GAHAN,
Librarian and Library
Methods.

JEAN M. PARTLOW,
L.C.C.M.
Instructress in Music.



ANDREW F.
HAGERMAN,
Instructor in
Manual Training.

WINIFRED R.
PRENDERGAST,
Instructress in Physical
Education and
Secretary.





FRONT ROW: Bill Coristine, Lawrence Crich, Runa Andersen, Dewey Esseltine, Edythe Baxter, Ronald Loughheed.

MIDDLE ROW:—Ken. McLeod, Murray MacNeill.

BACK ROW: Bill Ruhnke, Leslie Sweetman, John Townshend, Dalton Wales.



FRONT ROW:—Constance Bearss, Dorothy Beaudette, Ruth Boyle, Doris Brinn, Helen Byrne.

MIDDLE ROW:—Kathleen Campbell, Patricia Chedd, Edith Clark, Vera Clark.

BACK ROW:—Marion Cornwall, Mollie Davey, Lorraine Elford, Alma Dill.



FRONT ROW:—Myrtle Fader, Margaret Ferguson, Theresa Forman, Gertrude Galloway.

MIDDLE ROW:—Ina Gardiner, Joan Gatfield, Margaret Gould, Ruth Hall, Mary Heard.

BACK ROW:—Edith Henderson, Elaine Hunter, Catherine Jackson, Jewell Jewett.



FRONT ROW:—Edna Johnston, Jean Keith, Norma Kirkpatrick, Emma Knapper.

MIDDLE ROW:—Jeanette Lock, Barbara Lodge, Mollie Longley.

BACK ROW:—Elizabeth MacVicar, Jenny Maitland, June Marks, Annie Mason.



FRONT Row:— Mary Jane McArthur, Rita McCallum, Mary McEachern
Mary McLean, Dorothy McNeilage.

MIDDLE Row:—Gwen Meriam, Florence Merrit, Isabell Morden,
Beth Morrow.

BACK Row:—Doris Moulton, Rita O'Neil, Beatrice O-strander.



FRONT Row:—Dorothy Ovens, June Pare, Ruth Patterson, Ida Pierce,
Phyllis Price.

MIDDLE Row:—Norma Rawling, Ruth Rawling, Felicia Reed, Mary
Richardson.

BACK Row:—Edna Ringwood, Winnie Ross.



FRONT ROW:—Irene Runstedler, Grace Sales, Maxine Smith, Vivian Smith, Florence Snobelen,
MIDDLE ROW:—Dorothy Stephens, Noreen Taylor, Mina Terryberry, Margaret Tilden.
BACK ROW:— Mary Toth, Ina Jean Tunks, Marie Virtue, Betty Walters.



FRONT ROW:—Doris Wells, Edith Whittal, Edith Williams, Vera Wilson.
BACK ROW:— Isabel Worts, June Young, Muriel Wright, Gladys Wright, Katherine Young.



- (1) Our smiling burden-bearers.
- (2) Where good looks count.
- (3) In good hands.
- (4) The long and the short of it.
- (5) Virtue with smiles.

- (6) The gang's all here!
- (7) The Pretty Spruce.
- (8) Taking it with a smile.
- (9) A thorn between two roses.
- (10) Who's who?

Autographs

FORM I

William G. Coristine,
 Watford.
 Lawrence A. Crich,
 Huron Road, Goderich.
 Dewey Esseltine,
 24 East Ave., St. Thomas
 Ronald Loughheed,
 R.R.1, Staples.
 Murray MacNeill,
 Thorndale.
 Kenneth McLeod,
 25 Myrtle St., St. Thomas
 William Ruhnke,
 R.R.1, Bear Line.
 Leslie Sweetman,
 Glencoe.
 John E. Townshend,
 412 Piccadilly St., London.
 Dalton R. Wales,
 R.R.3, Wheatley.
 Runa Andersen,
 Moose Creek.
 Edythe Baxter,
 R.R.5, Tillsonburg.
 Constance Bearss,
 308 Thames St., Ingersoll.
 Dorothy Beaudette,
 1642 Highland Ave., Windsor.
 Ruth Boyle,
 Thamesville.
 Doris M. Brinn,
 R.R.6, Tillsonburg.
 Helen Byrne,
 R.R.3, South Woodslee.
 Kathleen Campbell,
 R.R.3, Parkhill.
 Patricia Chedd,
 30 Maple St., St. Thomas.
 Edith Clark,
 178 Park Ave., E. Chatham.
 Vera Clark,
 R.R.1, Dorchester.
 Marion Cornwall,
 136 Briscoe St., E. London.
 Mollie M. Davey,
 125 Emma St., Chatham.
 Alma L. Dill,
 R.R.1, Wardsville.
 Lorraine Elford,
 R.R.3, Cottam.

FORM II

Myrtle Fader,
 Wyoming
 Margaret Ferguson,
 R.R.6, Forest.
 Theresa M. Forman,
 965 Gladstone Ave., Windsor.
 Gertrude Galloway,
 Talbot St., W. Blenheim.
 Ina Gardiner,
 1753 Tourangeau Rd., Windsor.
 Joan Gatfield,
 3770 Sandwich St., W. Windsor.
 Margaret Gould,
 Strathroy.
 Ruth Hall,
 R.R.2, Thedford.
 Mary Heard,
 519 Hamilton Rd., London.
 Edith Henderson,
 659 Partington Ave., Windsor.
 Elaine Hunter,
 Petrolia.
 Catherine Jackson,
 R.R.1, Straffordville.
 Jewell Jewett,
 104 Erie St., Leamington.
 Edna Johnston,
 Devine St., Sarnia.
 Jean Keith,
 48 Southwick St., St. Thomas.
 Norma Kirkpatrick,
 933 Waterloo St., London.
 Erma Knapper,
 869 Cameron Blvd. S.
 General Delivery Windsor.
 Jeanette Lock,
 Innerkip.
 Barbara Lodge,
 96 Wellington St., St. Thomas.
 Mollie Longley,
 3789 Russell St., Windsor.
 Elizabeth MacVicar,
 64 Grand Ave., London.
 Jennie Maitland,
 R.R.2, Sarnia.
 June Marks,
 Port Stanley.
 Annie Mason,
 Exeter.

FORM III

Mrs. E. B. MacSloy
 204 Wharnccliffe Rd., London.
 Mary Jane McArthur
 2209 Lillian St., Windsor.
 Reta M. McCallum,
 R.R.2, Brigden.
 Mary McEachern,
 196 Bruce St., London.
 Mary McLean,
 R.R.2, Newbury.
 Dorothy McNeillage,
 Eberts.
 Gwendolyn Meriam,
 R.R.4, London.
 Florence Merritt,
 R.R.1, Northwood.
 Isabell Morden,
 R.R.3, Muirkirk.
 Beth Morrow,
 R.R.1, Denfield.
 Doris Moulton,
 R.R.2, Tupperville.
 Reta O'Neil,
 R.R.1, Paquette.
 Beatrice Ostrander,
 Tillson Ave., Tillsonburg.
 Dorothy Ovens,
 R.R.3, Dorchester.
 June Pare,
 1171 Dougall Ave., Windsor.
 Ruth Patterson,
 R.R.3, Newbury.
 Ida Pierce,
 764 Tuscarora St., Windsor
 Phyllis Price,
 638 Talbot St., London.
 Norma J. Rawling,
 62 High St., London.
 Ruth Rawling,
 1721 Richmond St., Windsor.
 Felicia Reed,
 70 Paul St., London.
 Mary Eleanor Richardson,
 R.R.4, Woodstock.
 Edna Ringwood,
 Blind Line, Petrolia.
 Winnie Ross,
 78 Forest Ave., St. Thomas.

FORM IV

Irene Runstedler,
 R.R.1, St. Clements.
 Grace I. Sales,
 Ridgetown.
 Maxine L. Smith,
 Tillsonburg.
 Vivian Smith,
 R.R.3, Thamesville.
 Florence Snobelen,
 R.R.3, Blenheim.
 Dorothy Stephens,
 Westminster Hosp. London.
 Noreen C. Taylor,
 Thamesford.
 Mina Terryberry,
 Box 58, Cottam.
 Margaret K. Tilden,
 R.R.2, Lambeth.
 Mary Toth,
 R.R.3, Harrow.
 Ina Jean Tunks,
 Bothwell.
 Marie Virtue,
 Burford.
 Betty Walters,
 171 Tecumseh Ave., London.
 Doris B. Wells,
 Box 306, Dresden.
 Edith C. Whittal,
 R.R.1, Staples.
 Edith Williams,
 R.R.8, St. Thomas.
 Vera Wilson,
 9 Edward St., London.
 Isabel Worts,
 R.R.1, Petrolia.
 Gladys Wright,
 Dover Centre.
 Muriel Wright,
 Dover Centre
 June Young,
 84 Myrtle St., St. Thomas.
 Katherine Young,
 91 Hincks St., St. Thomas.
 Sister Caroline, Sacred
 Heart Convent, London.
 Sister Carmiel, Sacred
 Heart Convent, London.
 Sister St. Viator, Sacred
 Heart Convent, London.

EDITORIAL

We, the Normal Students of 1943-1944 greet you with our year book. Whatever it may lack in professional technique and quantity we have tried to replace with the quality born of honest effort. We ask you to bear in mind that this is a wartime model.

We have had a good year at Normal. It has been a full year for most of us--full of sewing, knitting, writing, drawing, playing games, entertaining, collecting, arranging, planning, studying and learning, not to mention the all-important teaching as well as war work. We are proud of our Red Cross achievements, our Home Nursing and St. John's Ambulance certificates, and our blood donations. Our year has been filled with new ideas too. We feel that we have broadened greatly since September. Our Masters, Instructors and Critic Teachers have opened to us new fields of thought, and we have a greater understanding of many things. We students appreciate deeply the patient kindness of the staff in leading us into those new fields.

We who are graduating are entering into the teaching profession at a time when the future looks more promising than ever before. We are the first graduates to become members of the federation, salaries are more attractive, teaching has risen to a new status in public opinion. But with all the personal advantages these bring to us, we must not be blind to the fact that we are working with the citizens of to-morrow, that the concepts and ideals that we impress upon them and the habits they develop under us will influence their whole lives. By remembering this we may insure for them a future realizing in some measure the ideals for which we are now striving and fighting.

Elizabeth MacVicar
Editor.

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

You have finished your year at Normal School. This lands you on the threshold of your teaching career. You are not a finished product. The most practical part of your training is about to begin. It is here you will have more scope to apply those principles we have endeavoured to establish. It is here where responsibility will rest more exclusively on your shoulders. It is here you may explore and experiment. It is here your philosophy of education will find more concrete content. It is here you will become more conscious of filling a place in the community and of being a person from whom an important contribution is expected. It is here you may feel the thrill of being a builder - a character builder - a nation builder.

May your joy and enthusiasm in teaching grow from more to more.

C. E. MARK

YEAR BOOK EXECUTIVE

Director	Dr. G. W. Hofferd
Editor-in-chief	Elizabeth MacVicar
Business	Dalton Wales
Athletics	Betty Walters
Social	Winnie Ross
Art	Edith Henderson
Humour	Edith Williams

PRACTICE AND CRITIC TEACHING STAFF

URBAN

Chesley Avenue School
Miss Clara Tupper

Governor Simcoe School
Miss Isabel McLeish
Miss Lily Hoffman
Miss Muriel Lancaster

Ryerson School
Mr. Stanley Cushman, B.A.

Tecumseh School
Miss Gladys Morris

Victoria School
Miss Ann Dunston, M.A.

Wortley Road School
Miss Lena Dunn
Miss Edna Rea

RURAL SCHOOLS

S.S. 1 Westminster
Mrs. Helen Paterson

S.S. 3 Westminster
Mrs. Winnifred Cornish

S.S. 5 Westminster
Mr. Leslie Pickles

S.S. 22 London
Mr. W. G. Rigney

S.S. 20 London
Miss Agnes McNabb
Miss Evelyn Campbell

CENTRAL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

Mr. E. A. Miller, M.A., Principal

Mr. C. S. Buck, B.A.

Mr. D. H. Carr, B.A.

Mr. E. O. Hall, M.A.

Mr. C. McCallum, B.A.

Miss Dorothy McCann, B.A., B.Paed.

Mr. Walter B. Shales, M.A., B.Paed.

Mr. W. R. Urlin, B.A.

FIRST TERM

BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

President	Leslie Sweetman
Vice-president	John Townshend
Secretary	Lawrence Crich
Treasurer	Ronald Loughheed

GIRLS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

President	Betty Walters
Vice-president	Catherine Young
Secretary	Gladys Wright
Treasurer	Dorothy Stevens

STUDENT PARLIAMENT

President	Bill Ruhnke
Vice-president	Dorothy McNeilage
Secretary	Doris Wells
Treasurer	Kenneth McLeod

LITERARY SOCIETY

President	Dewey Esseltine
Vice-president	Dalton Wales
Secretary	Norma Kirkpatrick
Treasurer	Molly Davey

SECOND TERM

BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

President	Bill Correstine
Vice-president	Kenneth McLeod
Secretary	Dewey Esseltine
Treasurer	Bill Ruhnke

GIRLS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

President	Beatrice Ostrander
Vice-president	Florence Snoblen
Secretary	Edith Whittal
Treasurer	Doris Moulton

STUDENT PARLIAMENT

President	Gwendolyn Meriam
Vice-president	Dorothy Beaudette
Secretary	June Pare
Treasurer	Reta McCallum

LITERARY SOCIETY

President	Dorothy McNeilage
Vice-president	Mary McEachern
Secretary	Ida Pierce
Treasurer	Winnie Ross

A T H L E T I C S

PLAY DAY

Laughter, memories and eternal friendships! All are genuine products of our "Play Day". The first whistle melted the icy atmosphere which was inevitable, "Normalites" became one. Each new and novel game brought fun in its train. But the best was reserved until the end--for what could produce more enjoyment than the partaking of refreshments with new-found friends.

As the curtain fell on a perfect day, one comment was voiced by the student body as a whole--

"We'll never forget to-day. Wasn't it fun?"

Sister St. Viator

OUR BASKET BALL TEAM

Our two great games of the year were with the girls from Central Collegiate and Sacred Heart Convent. The first game was played in the Central gymnasium and the latter game in our own school.

Our girls put on a great show against the Centralites and took the lead for the first-half of the game. With their skillful passing and guarding, they were able to keep the ball well out of reach of the opponents. At half-time the Central girls slowly caught up with our score and with three minutes to go the score was a tie. Oh, what a fast three minutes! The girls from both teams worked hard to gain the ball to better their own score. But luck was with them and the Central girls broke through to lead our score by two points. At the end of the game the Normal girls sauntered slowly back to the dressing room, a tired but happy bunch.

The last game in our gymnasium brought the yellow and gold to the front with a score of 14 - 4. The skill of passing and guarding was still carried over from the first game. Our forwards did their part to keep the score above that of the Sacred Heart's girls and so this helped to make the game a quick and exciting one. In one corner of the room a group of Normalites cheered their comrades at numerous intervals. They also showed their sportsmanship by raising cheers for good plays by the opposing team.

I'm sure all the school joins with me in congratulating the girls in their good work and in wishing them the best in future games. Keep up the good work girls!

Betty Walters

VOLLEY BALL '43 - '44

Early in the winter the year's class of prospective teachers abandoned all their dignity - most of us didn't have far to go - in a series of very interesting and exciting volley ball games. Previously each class had passed through a period of very capable instruction and coaching conducted by Miss Prendergast in our physical education classes. Though each form had an even start Form III and Form IV showed their superior skill by pulling out ahead of the other forms. The great clash came on the day that Form III and Form IV met. But we need not have worried for Form IV, the irresponsible, came out victorious. For this great feat each member of the team received a Normal School crest.

We must not forget the few male members of our class who nobly forfeited their moral support in each other to spread their manly strength over the four Forms. We here express our gratitude to them and to those students who freely gave their services to help us in our games as referees and other officials.

Gladys Wright

THE GYMNASIUM

If you ever make a tour of London Normal School you must not miss the gymnasium. It is a very average looking gymnasium with the exception of the rafters placed at varying heights from the floor. Most people would call the rafters ordinary steel pipes but a true Normal student knows that they have many different and uncomplimentary names. You ask why? Well in the middle of a tense basketball game with the score tied, your star player makes a beautiful pass only to see it neatly intercepted by an innocent appearing rafter. Perhaps in the near future some Winnie the Welder will forsake the assembly line for Normal School and then one joyous day she may absent-mindedly "un weld" those fiendish pipes.

But hold! What have we here? Why the doors have just opened and First Form is entering its semi-weekly period of "Physical Torture." Miss Prendergast must have a new dance for the boys today if we may judge by that cruel smile on her face. She gives an order for quiet and all the future school marms and masters cease trying to gain glory by actually dropping the basketball in the basket.

"Fall in!" and the First Formers fall into perfect formation. Then they climb out and form right. No I mean they form on the left. "Attention!" For several minutes the line resembles an animated earth worm but it finally gives a death wriggle and straightens out. Then silence and a perfect line.

"Right dress!" Fists start to tap shoulders gently at the ladies end of the line and slowly gain in volume and strength until they reach a climax at Lawrie, our key man. He bends and sways like the sturdy oak in the grip of a hurricane but he holds his position. "Attention!" A deep and awful silence.

"Right Turn!" Some turn right, some turn left, and the rest stand still. With some confusion the line faces a correct position. "Forward March!" The line starts off like a Ford on a cold morning, but the natural rythm of a Normal student soon exerts its influence. Oh! Oh! here comes the first turn. Listen to the squeal of tortured rubber as those running shoes try to negotiate the turn. "Counting in FIVES, begin!" One, two, three, four, five, six, seven-- "HALT" Miss Prendergast quietly asks what comes after five when a class is numbering in fives. This leads to a heated argument on whether it should be 8 or 9 so Miss Prendergast explains the intricate business. Marching begins again. "Up the floor in fives!" Five students bunch up on one side of the room and creep up the floor as if they were stalking a critic teacher.

At last they drag themselves into formation one by one and exercises commence. Miss Prendergast puts forth her best efforts but after three Grade One exercises there are so many casualties that she deems it best to halt proceedings and change to a new dance.

"Boys all get a partner!"

When the rush is over the boys pick themselves off the floor to find that they each secured a partner. The first part of the dance is a waltz so all the boys skip. The second part is a polka so the boys keep right on skipping. When the last part is a slide step and the boys keep right on skipping it finally dawns on everyone that the gentlemen have learned to skip and they want to show off. An addition to the dance is a "swing your partner". One well known lad does a jitter-bug step. Another tries to imitate a pin-wheel and a third discovers that his feet are trying to dance with each other.

Then, like Madame Guillotine, the bell goes cutting through these carefree activities. Immediately you hear cries of "Crutches over here!" or "Stretcher needed!"

Thus, after an exhilarating 36 minutes the First Formers stagger, hobble, or are carried out to rest up for their next P.T.class two days hence. An awesome silence once more reigns supreme in this room of lost glory. Yet wait! Here comes another form. Oh, no! Let us retreat from this gory battle-field. I cannot stand to watch the complete demoralization of another form.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

GLEE CLUB

"Hark!" What is that music stealing from the auditorium?" "What? haven't you heard, that's the London Normal School Glee Club practising.

Under the direction of Mrs. Partlow, the Glee Club met every Tuesday noon. There was an average attendance of 50 at these practices. Marie Virtue was President, and Margaret Gould Secretary-Treasurer.

The first performance was given on Armistice Day when we were led by Mary Heard, and the final performance of the year was the presentation of "Rendezvous" at the Critic Teachers' Party on March 6. Solo performers included Grace Sales, Doris Wells, Edith Whittall, Maxine Smith, and Edith Williams.

The able and faithful accompanist for the choir was Jewell Jewitt.

The girls sincerely appreciate the time and effort which Mrs. Partlow put into organizing and directing the Glee Club.

Marie Virtue

INTER-VARSITY CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP NEWS

Greetings from the I.V.C.F. Members to the graduating Normal Students of 1944.

The I.V.C.F. at Normal School has enjoyed a busy year and happy times together when a few moments could be snatched from work. Practically every Tuesday night after four one might find a nucleus of students ardently engaged in worthwhile discussion, based on a prepared outline for study on John's Gospel. Or perhaps the group would be listening to one of the several speakers who have visited here - men and women of wide experience in the Educational and Christian field.

Again one might see (and hear) a large group of happy students enjoying the hospitable atmosphere of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hill, singing lustily from all quarters of the room. The speakers who talked to the group at such gathering knew what young people want and need. Fellowship with the University and Medical, and High School groups, helped make these informal sing-songs a success. Mass meetings with the Fellowships of the City, too, have been other means of worthwhile activity.

The Fellowship year will finish on a triumphant chord, also. The year has seemed short, but not so short that it has not been profitable: the motto of the I.V.C.F. is kept in mind - "to know Christ and to make Him known".

Norma Rawling

MANUAL TRAINING

"I'll be down in the Manual Training shop" has been a frequently employed answer to, "What are you doing after four?"

Mr. Hagerman is our most competent Manual Training instructor. The shop is quite well equipped despite the fact that some of the machines are old and very noisy. If dubious about that noise try to enjoy a music period with Mrs. Partlow above the shop on Monday. Perhaps we should agitate for new machines.

Mr. Hagerman has worked in the shop every Saturday morning as well as several nights after four. Some of the work done by students under his direction is really splendid.

The first plague disrupting the peaceful shop was the desire of every student to make a primary Reading folder for Mr. Roberts. "Why?" you may ask. Well, we got credit for both Primary work and Manual Training. The folders have proved useful for many of our lessons, not only in primary work, but also in other subjects.

The next calamity befalling the shop was the desire to make wind-vanes. Yes! We received marks for both Manual Training and Agriculture. For many weeks there were dangerous looking arrows standing up in all parts of the Manual Training Room.

The baskets and book-ends made by some of the students are very creditable. Trays, pins, bracelets are other attractive achievements.

The Manual Training has been an invaluable part of our Normal School year. Besides many pieces of work we will carry with us a practical knowledge of tools and methods that should help us in our teaching and more important still a greater appreciation for manual labour.

Margaret Gould.

RED CROSS WORK

The students of London Normal School have been active in all the work of the Red Cross.

During the first term, two courses were sponsored by the Red Cross, one in St. John's First Aid and one in Home Nursing. The First Aid course was directed by Mrs. Jessup and Mrs. McDermot while Miss Penhale directed the home nursing. In both courses there were demonstrations of practical work, and lectures. All of the meetings both practical and theoretical of St. John's First Aid were held in the Normal School. The lectures for the Home Nursing class were held in the Normal School while the practical lessons were held in the Blood Donor's Clinic at 518 Queens Avenue. A large group of the students found their way back there to donate blood at a later date.

From the wool supplied by the Red Cross, the girls knitted the following children's and babies' outfits; 12 suits, 9 sweaters, 10 panties, 8 baby sets, 2 sweaters, 2 booties, and 1 bonnet. These will go through the Local Red Cross Branch to some needy children.

The two courses taught us how to help others while, by our Red Cross knitting, we helped others. We feel these are concrete examples of how the students of 1944 are backing the war effort.

Ruth Hall
Elaine Hunter

OUR VISIT TO SILVERWOOD'S DAIRY

On Thursday Dr. Hofferd made the announcement of a proposed visit to Silverwood's Dairy for Saturday morning. He reaffirmed the statement on Friday at Literary Society. We were to go in two groups - with the first two groups being the unlucky ones, having to be on deck at nine o'clock. The other group were allowed the extra forty winks till half-past ten.

We woke up in the cold, gray dawn of Saturday and trudged up to the Dairy.

As we stepped inside we saw the bottles being filled, capped and stored with amazing accuracy. Our guide took us further to see the washing process, the pasteurizing machines at work and how butter milk is made. The cleanliness of all these processes impressed us greatly. Each night all the machines with which the milk comes in contact are taken apart, washed, scalded and reassembled.

In the building across the street we saw many more interesting things. We saw how milk was condensed and canned. From the condensing room we went out on the roof and viewed London. Then we descended the stairs and saw the results of Babcock test and the irradiating machine.

The next part of our trip took us to the storage room where we shivered and shook at a temperature of 24 degrees below zero. We were each given an ice-cream bar with the compliments of Silverwood's Dairy. The making of ice-cream was also described.

Our trip to Silverwood's Dairy proved to be not only delightful, but informative. I am sure we all have a much clearer conception of all the work which is entailed in the dairy industry. I am sure that the sight of the lowly milk bottle on the door step will now bring back many memories - pleasant, ah yes.

Myrtle Fader.

THE COMMUNITY CONCERTS

A number of Normal Music lovers availed themselves of the opportunity of purchasing students' tickets for the London Community Concert Series of 1943-44.

We have not been disappointed. Variety has captured our applause for we have heard Singers, a Violist, a Pianist, and we are looking forward to the performance of Helen Traubel. The Russian Ballet was most attractive and appreciated by all.

We were able to enjoy the extra concert presented this year which was a presentation of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" by the Nine O'Clock Opera Company.

Each concert has been a treat. Each has had its individual appeal. To many, the "sweet notes" spoken by Mr. Primrose's Viola were unsurpassable. Others appreciated seeing the outstanding stars whose radio voices are so familiar. The concert performance of Mr. Malcuzyński reminded us of the never-to-be-forgotten technique of his teacher, Paderewski.

These concerts have been most enjoyed by several students and have added much to our musical knowledge and background.

Grace Sales

LONDON LITTLE THEATRE

We who attend the London Little Theatre productions have been very fortunate this year in enjoying several outstanding plays.

The first was "Claudia", an amusing comedy, telling the story of a young bride living in the country and lonesome for her mother. This was especially delightful to students who had never seen L.L.T. productions before.

"Too Many Husbands" was presented next and was just as delightful and eventful as the title suggests.

"Watch on the Rhine" was presented the next month. The story was one of loyalty, love, treachery, and self-sacrifice in a war-torn world. This was the most dramatic, stirring play of the year.

In March, "Quiet Wedding", one of the most amusing comedies, was presented. It was the story of the hectic day preceding the wedding of Janet Boyd and Dallas Chaytor, the latter role was played by one of our own students, Bill Ruhnke. Mr. Ruhnke gave one of the season's best performances, sincere and unaffected.

We are all looking forward to the next production "Papa is All", and hope to enjoy it just as we did the other productions.

Doris B. Wells

V I S I T O R S

OUR VISITORS

Last Fall when we entered the Normal School we immediately felt very much at home. The masters and instructors were friendly and the whole atmosphere spelled welcome. We, in turn, tried to be hospitable to the visitors who came our way.

Our first visitor was Miss Sadie Gibson who represented the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship. She showed us that our busy life was lacking something, if we didn't set aside some time each week for the interesting and helpful work of the Fellowship. As a result of her talk we organized a group of the I.V.C.F.

I am certain I speak for all when I say it will be many years before we forget that dignified sweet little old lady in the person of Dr. MacMurchy. Dr. MacMurchy was the first woman to graduate from the Medical School, University of Toronto, and she is now greatly interested in educational and health problems. We all strained to hear every word as that grand lady spoke to us on "Health and the Teacher." Our only regret was that she didn't stay as our guest longer.

We all remember Dr. H. Amoss, director of teacher training. Although this was our first meeting we felt as if we knew him very well because of our intensive use of Rhythmic Arithmetic. We appreciated his helpful suggestions and his sense of humour.

Miss DeLaporte ranks among our outstanding visitors. She herself, has overcome a great handicap and now endeavours to help the child who may be backward for various reasons. She created in us an understanding and sympathy for this type of child. Never again shall we class such a child, subnormal or a moron. If we have any retarded pupils we shall take our troubles and problems to her.

We had a short visit from Miss G. Bapty, a former primary teacher, who appealed to us for taggers for the Netherland Tag Day. Mr. W. I. Illman, president of the Students' Christian Movement at Western University, extended to us an invitation to a young people's conference at Western.

Miss M. Barlette, representative of the Jr. Red Cross, gave us an interesting talk on the organization of the group in our schools. Her suggestions will certainly help us on the way to conducting a successful club.

Our appreciation for the farmer and his work was increased by Mr. Davies' visit to us. He is inspector of the agriculture classes throughout Ontario. He explained to us that farming is a real vocation and that we should encourage farm students to remain on the farm and make a real success of it.

Since we are well on the way to being full fledged school teachers two members of the Teachers' Federation paid us a visit, Miss A. McFarlane, president of the Women Teachers and Mr. J. A. Turner, president of the Men Teachers. At the same time of their visit the work of the Federation was receiving much publicity and criticism. Miss McFarlane's talk on the Advantages of the Federation and Mr. Turner's talk on The Teachers' Act helped to enlighten us until at last we saw this great organization in its true light.

Even though we have chosen our vocation it is necessary that we know something about vocational guidance for the sake of the children we are going to lead on life's pathway. Mr. H. Rockey of the Board of Education showed us an interesting educational film on "You and Your Life Work". Mr. J.P.S. Nethercott, director of vocational guidance followed this up by impressing upon us that we were not teaching for our salary alone, but that we should be interested in seeing that all the children with whom we come in contact are started along the road to success.

Another visitor was Miss Duff, field secretary for the W.C.T.U. who spoke on "Alcohol." She presented the subject to us in a scientific manner and showed us how we, in turn, could present it to the children. It was a very timely talk.

The last visitor we had before Easter was Miss Webster, who is Acting Divisional Commissioner for Windsor Girl Guides. She is a diploma'd guider as well, and encouraged us to form Guide groups in our schools. Her talk was splendid. She closed with the following poem by Blake, which she altered for her purpose:

I will not cease from mental fight
No shall my sword rest in my hand
Till I have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Thus we come to the end of our many visitors. We enjoyed them and say "thank you" for the suggestions they have given to us. At the Normal School we say "The latch is always on the outside."

Marion E. Cornwall.

OUR HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The night was dark, quiet and mysterious. Occasionally a large white, fluffy cloud would dim the dull moonlight. A gentle breeze danced among the bushes and trees, making a faint rustling sound.

The Normal School was fairly bursting with excitement. Why? It was our first party of the year, and what an opportune time -- Hallowe'en! The traditional costumes were missing, but the usual spirit of gaiety was not lacking in the least.

Airforce and Army uniforms blended in with the party decorations and added much to the enjoyment of the "teachers - in - training."

The predominate colours were orange and black. Glowing pumpkin faces beamed throughout the evening in the Music Room. This was where those, feeling physically fit, "tripped the light fantastic", while the remainder played lively games in the Library.

Later, lunch was served in the Home Economics Room. The Hallowe'en theme was carried out splendidly in the table decorations.

Everyone went home tired but happy, realizing the fact that school teaching doesn't have to be a twenty-four hour job of lesson planning, register-marking, and seatwork assignments.

Congratulations to all those who helped to make our first party such a "rip-roaring" success.

Ruth Rawling

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

Amid festive decorations and under the auspices of both Athletic Societies and their two able presidents, Miss Walters and Mrs. Sweetman, the Christmas party went off according to schedule.

The guests of the evening were from the "H.M.C.S. Prevost" and also from Huron College. Although the number who came was not as great as was expected, the students proved that they were capable of having a good time even if they were unescorted. The library was well supplied with many games and those who were not dancing in the music room found ample entertainment in the library.

After the dancing, we made our way up to the Home Economics Room where we found the tables and surroundings decorated appropriately, as well as plentifully supplied with refreshments.

Everyone went home with one thought in mind - "When can we have another party?"

Dorothy McNeilage

CRITIC TEACHER PARTY

One of the most successful parties of the school year was held Monday, March 6. It was the Critic Teachers' party.

In spite of the usual March wind and rain, a goodly number of students, masters, and critic teachers turned out. When everyone was assembled in the auditorium, Dorothy McNeillage, our genial president of the Literary Society, welcomed the visitors in her usual humorous way.

The programme was opened by Form 4's talented Mario Virtue, playing a bagpipe selection. Our petite Norma Kirkpatrick delighted the audience with a reading. The next number was a vocal solo by Jean Keith, the Deanna Durbin of St. Thomas. Grace Sales displayed brilliant technique and skill in her piano instrumental. The Glee Club selections were thoroughly enjoyed by all. The most effective number was "Rendez - Vous". The dance in this, was performed beautifully by Maxine Smith and Edith Williams.

The Glee Club showed its sincere appreciation to Mrs. Partlow, the leader, by presenting her with a lovely bouquet of flowers.

Elizabeth MacVicar told a most delightful story, which entertained and pleased us all.

Last, but by no means least on the programme was Jowell Jewitt, displaying her wonderful talent at the piano.

The most enjoyable part of the evening, however, was yet to come. From the auditorium the teachers went up to the gymnasium, where an excellent programme of folk dances was arranged.

Everyone present entered into the spirit of the evening in a delightful manner.

The delicious lunch served by the girls was received most enthusiastically by the hungry dancers.

I am sure everyone went home tired but happy, and in future years will look back on this night as one of the happiest of our Normal School Year.

Dorothy Stephens.

L I T E R A R Y A R T I C L E S

OUR FUTURE RESPONSIBILITY

We, who are about ready to enter the profession of teaching have a grave responsibility which we shall be apt to forget. When we go out to our first schools next September, we shall be given about thirty young hearts to form.

Some will be there for the first time while others will have been there for several years and are well on the way to having fixed habits.

What will be our impression on them? Will it be to mold or mar? That depends upon us. A child will always remember the teacher who "picked" on him and also the teacher who was kind and understanding yet firm and just. It is our duty to develop these children morally as well as intellectually so that they may be fit socially as members of their community in the future.

So, let us not shirk our responsibility but work courageously and patiently.

We foresee that we shall encounter difficulties but it is a successful teacher who can accept and overcome them.

In later life when we see some of our former pupils, we can think,

"I took a piece of living clay
And gently formed it day by day.
And moulded with my power and art
A young child's soft and yielding heart.
I came again, when years were gone
It was a man I looked upon.
He still that early impress bore,
And I could change it nevermore."

Sister Caroline

In matter, method, and management inspired,
Did we not train you with purpose anew?
That you may have the initiative desired,
To teach with ability and culture true.

G.W.H.

DAWN

By the side of the stream She is coming to me, even among the primroses, as if She loved them all; and every flower looks the brighter as Her eyes are on them. The lark soars up into the dusky heavens to welcome Her with the music of the gods. The brook sways through the mists as if it had just drunk from the roots of a lotus bush. It hums this little refrain to me:

"She is coming. She is coming to you".

The scarlet and milky morning-glories lovingly embrace the shy young poplars as they wait and watch for Her coming, their goddess and mine. Now Her little imps scamper across the heavens, scattering remnants of a plundered rainbow over the white guardians of the skies as they drift home to rest beyond the horizon. The modest violets cringe behind the purple trilliums, in a vain attempt to hide their early morning drowsiness from the prying eyes of a newly-awakened world. As if to quell my impatience at waiting for my loved One, a bob-white in a neighbouring bush begins to call a soft, trilling melody:

"Pa-----tience! Pa-----tience!"

The heavens have now almost completely dropped their soft, clinging veil of jet and the whole world gasps at the seemingly fantastic play of colours smothering their features with an intangible richness and gorgeousness of beauty. My hungry eyes, thirsting for a scene like this, drink in the entrancing picture like a dying man, who wandering in a vast desert comes suddenly upon a green oasis. Suddenly I am snapped back to reality by the tender voice of the lark above, calling excitedly in a mixture of trills and runs:

"Here they come! Here they come!"

Every little flower, the tulip, the rose, the jack-in-the-pulpit, even the shy little violets strain toward the East to catch the first glimpse of Her little messengers. The birds have ceased their singing and everything is stilled as we all wait in eager expectation. Then a long sigh arises from hundreds of plant, animal and bird throats.

"They are here."

They come drifting over the meadows, rippling across the trees and bushes, caressing every little creature and plant as a mother does her child. But now the plants blush in modesty as they are touched by these messengers because Her little servants who are speeding over hill and dale to prepare Her coming are rosily naked little darting cherubims skipping across the green sward all unabashed at their shameful boldness.

Now I can see Her.

She enters like the Queen She is. Stepping daintily, yet tenderly, She crosses the valley, not too proud to bestow a gentle caress on each little animal. And as for Her favourites, the flowers, She kisses each on its dew-bathed buds with her tempting crimson lips, leaving it smiling from petal to petal in pure bliss. Ah-h-h, now She reaches me. I am bathed luxuriently in all Her raging, glorious beauty. My heart stops. I hold my breath in fear that it is all a wild dream. My Love is before me and I am speechless--dumbfounded at Her loveliness. But now, like a man drunken with nectar from the honeysuckle, I reach out my arms to the azure skies and return Her embrace.

The Dawn has come.

Ronald C. Loughheed

VICTORY

Another Jap plane nosed in a fiery red mass to the dark fields below. He could chalk up another notch on the side of Marianna the Spitfire. A thrill of triumph suddenly surged through his veins at the thought of his recent adventure. Proud? Yes, Bob Thompson thought grinly, he was proud to help send those Japs, their glorious emblem, their code of oppression to destruction---proud to be doing a part to keep Mary, Mom and the rest of them safe from those devils.

Suddenly a bright flare to the left caught his attention. A cold icy hand seemed to clutch at Bob's heart. On the port wing was a patch of bright flame, slowly creeping stealthily along, as though intent on covering the white patch of the wing. That meant but one thing. With a pumping pulse he realized this was the fatal end. Time was too short to escape now; in three seconds the additional fuel tank would be a blazing inferno. Death was near at hand at last---that Death he had so persistently thrust from his thoughts, perhaps from fear, perhaps from sheer love of life. Previously at the thought of aerial death, he visualized himself screaming, fighting against it terrified, hysterically evacuating his plane, resorting to the "silk." But now, almost uncannily he found himself peaceful, contented, unafraid of the inevitable meeting with Death. On his lips was a whispered prayer, entrusting his soul to God and a humble plea to safeguard his loved ones from harm.

Only a few seconds left----a few seconds to recall the faces of those dear ones.

Mom: clearly he saw those deep gray eyes of hers, filled with tears the first day he came before her in his uniform. Sure, she felt proud of him standing there, tall, self-confident, filled with that pugnacious desire to do his insignificant bit, but still he realized there was a subconscious dread in her breast for his safety. He recalled her hand resting firmly on his uniformed shoulder as she breathed, "I'm proud of you Bob, and God bless you son."

On the wing, the flames issued forth in their fury, huge black billowy clouds of smoke. Beyond that, Bob could not see. But now only two seconds left. Two!

Mary, beautiful understanding Mary. There were so many happy moments to remember with her and so little time to do it in---the quiet nights spent in planning the little white bungalow on Poplar Street, the gay times spent together with the old gang, the way she looked as she waved her last goodbye. All that, now to be sacrificed. Bob winced but in his heart he was convinced Mary would take it like a trooper.

The heat now became unbearable; the fuselage was afire and the plane was but a few feet from the ground. In a moment all would be over. Oddly enough high sweet voices were singing a loud amen somewhere above him. He extended his arms. Where was it coming from?

His mind reverted to those millions of brave lads, who valiantly upheld the torch of freedom high in their hands---a goal that must be attained---a goal that would be attained. It was the will of the Almighty that this hell-racked conflict, these supreme sacrifices to Death, would ultimately end in final victory. Bob's lips formed around those eternal lines -

To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep.

The chorus of angelic voices swelled; the plane crashed.

Jewell Jewitt.

THE GREAT CHANGE

It was early last September that we entered Normal School. Just out of Collegiate, we were laughing, wide-eyed and expectant, with high hopes of being miraculously transformed into ideal teachers within one short year.

The transformation seemed impossible but the masters and instructors immediately commenced the arduous task. They certainly had a great undertaking but they laboured valiantly not shirking any trivial duties. Their efforts were not in vain! It is with great awe that I observe my fellow teachers teach. Truly a great change has been wrought.

Another thing that apalls me is all that a teacher can see from that great desk before the class. I didn't dream that one could see so much and I thank my lucky stars that I got through school alive.

Several months ago we came tripping into the Normal School wearing ankle socks and hair ribbons; in a few months many of us will be seen wearing stalwart brogues, striding up a rocky, country road to our own great job in our schoolhouses. The great change has been wrought.

Margaret Gould.

MY TRIAL AND ERROR EXPERIENCES

I had often seen people drive horses so one day I thought I would drive a team to the end of a row.

I jumped onto the wagon and took the reins. We progressed smoothly until we got to the end of the row. I said "Whoh!" Strangely the horses did not stop. The more I said "Whoh?" the faster the horses would go.

The horses made a complete circle around a rye field and galloped down a steep hill. Realizing the seriousness of the situation I straightened up and stopped laughing. We flew over a gully and started up another hill. I started to tug frantically at the reins and had the horses slowed down to a very fast run when a huge cedar tree loomed up in front of us. I tried desperately to steer the horses away from the tree; my attempts were in vain. Crash! One horse went each side of the tree and the wagon and I in the centre. The horses were stopped at last.

Margaret Gould

P O E T R Y

Miss Lancaster is one of our critic teachers for whom we have especially enjoyed teaching. Her poems appear frequently in "THE SCHOOL". We are pleased to have the privilege of publishing one in the year book.

THE CATERPILLAR

I saw a caterpillar crawl up a tree one day,
He seemed to know just where to go but not a word did say.

He looked so very tired as he rested on a leaf,
Then curled the leaf around him in a way beyond belief.

The North Wind rocked him to and fro; he slept through winter storm,
Jack Frost could never reach him through his blanket snug and warm.

Then one day when the time had come for sunshine and soft rain,
The caterpillar woke to find that Spring had come again.

He pushed his cosy blanket off and came forth from his nest,
He said, "I'm glad that it is Spring again; I've had a nice long rest."

He found when he had looked around--as caterpillars do--
That when he pushed his blanket off, he pushed his fur coat, too.

And now he had two gauzy wings to soar up in the sky,
He said, "I'm glad that I no longer crawl. 'Tis better far to fly."

Muriel Lancaster

N-O-R-M-A-L

N stands for Normal, tho' I'll never quite soo,
 And I know there are others, baffled like me,
 Why a year, so exciting, so different and rare
 Bears a title which means only average or fair

O is for others I have met 'long the way
 Who've cheered me with laughter and friendly smiles gay.

R is for the reasons that we have learned so well
 Of when to ask and question or when to teach and tell.

M is for memories that I'll always hold dear
 Of many bright, happy things in our own normal year.

A is for the answer to my great desire to teach
 And now, at last, the cherished goal seems very near my reach

L is for the lessons, good or poor or fair.
 They seem to pass before me, as I muse here in my chair.
 Yes, each has taught me well, tho' in different way or place,
 That only he who strives will be victorious in the race

Sister St. Viator

"IN FLANDERS' FIELDS 1944"

In Flanders' Fields the poppies grow,
Where'er their seeds have chanced to blow,
'Mong blasted graves, and in the sky
The Huns, still bent on murder, fly
With loads of death for all below.

We are the Dead. We failed, you know,
To catch the torch that they did throw.

They died in vain. We helped re-arm
The treacherous foe.

They do not rest. They call us now
To tear the death-sleep from our brow
And striko again. We'll throw aside
Our sloth and greed and self and pride--
Combine our every effort, till
This war-sick, weary world we'll fill
With Total Peace.

Sister St. Viator

OUR ENGLAND

England was no tyrant, her no nation feared,
She sought not war, abhored all strife,
Asked only peace, her way of life.
Toward freedom, love, and tolerance, her course was steéred,
When a few foretold trouble there were many who sneered,
They little thought a time would evermore don
When the nation's sons would be called upon
To fight for this freedom in which they were reared,
But now, alas, this country is at war.
She leads the struggle against oppression, greed and hate,
For, when a weak and stricken nation plead for hólpe,
Old England heard the call, and did not hesitate,
O God, may her great sacrifice be not in vain,
But lasting good come from the blood, and toil, and pain.

Mbreen Taylor

WATCHING THE DAWN COME

Just as the darkness begins to go,
 And sun o'er shadows commences to glow,
 Dew begins to rise,
 Into the blue-grey skies,
 As I watch the dawn come.

Sunbeams darting here and there,
 The world takes on an outlook fair,
 Birds begin to sing,
 Bells begin to ring.
 As I watch the dawn come.

The sounds of crickets, singing go,
 From a distance comes the cock's
 shrill crow.
 A horse claps on his way,
 Each rises to his day.
 As I watch the dawn come.

As I watch the dawn come,
 I say my morning prayer.
 Of happy thoughts I am aware,
 Then rising from my knees I see,
 The dawn has come to welcome me.

June Marks

PRECIOUS GIFTS

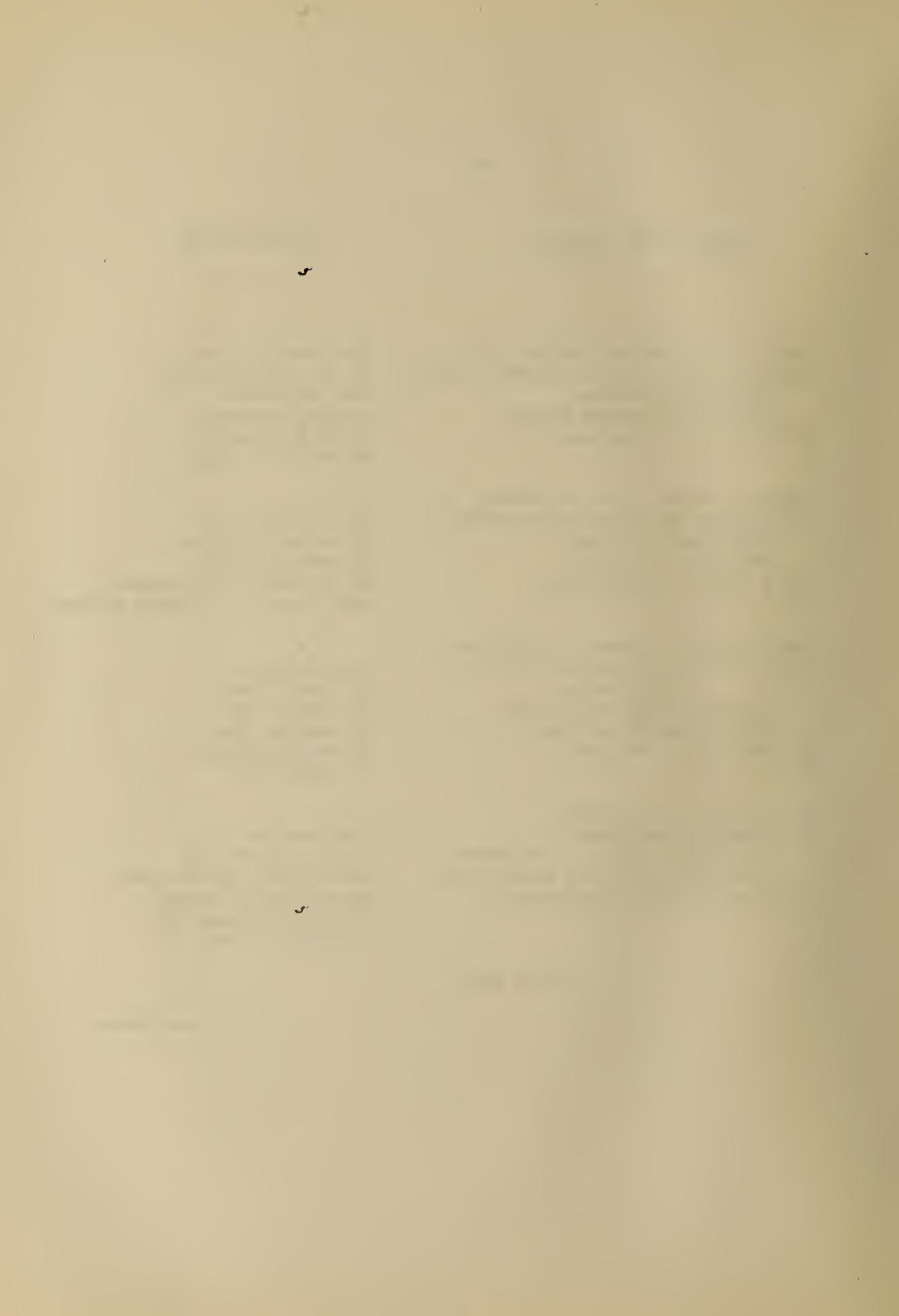
What would we do,
 If we couldn't laugh
 Once in awhile?
 Or while watching
 A child in play,
 We couldn't smile?

What would we do
 If we couldn't joy
 In simple things,
 Or the feeling of rapture,
 That lovely song always brings?

What would we do
 If when in need,
 We couldn't pray
 Or when we sleep
 We couldn't dream
 Of former day?

What would we do
 If we couldn't say
 These blessings are ours
 To use without stint
 And count through life
 In all its hours?

June Marks



THESE THINGS I LIKE

Silver streams of moonlight
Falling on the river,
And making it aglow
As they dance and quiver.

Golden beams of sunlight
Shining on the snow,
And looking just like diamonds
As they sparkle so.

The music of the brook
As it flows along
Ever, always singing
An endless song.

These are nature's gifts,
And it's our simple duty
To appreciate them fully
And admire their wondrous beauty.

Noreen Taylor

To that charming lovable little lady down in the library
who so patiently and cheerfully helps us -- Miss Gahan.

We might live without meat, we might live without cooks,
Content to be green vegetarians.
But not without magazines, papers and books,
Purveyed for all needs by librarians.

T. E. Clarke.

H U M O U R

AS THEIR SAYINGS GO

Mr. Roberts - "Yes Sir. Miss McGooligan learns the kids alright."

Miss Emery - "Oh my dear."

Mr. McEachern - "Some day I'll tell you about that."

Mrs. Partlow - "The bells are ringing early today, aren't they?"

Mr. Clarke - "Raise hands those who think that I heard the gong?"

Miss Conover - "Nobody is of any use to me unless she can work quickly."

Mr. Hagerman - "Now don't go away mad."

Dr. Mark - "Do as I say, not as I Do."

Dr. Hofferd - "Class you aren't thinking. Watch the board carefully, while I go through it again."

Teacher - "What is a vacuum?"

Sweet young thing - "I can't explain it, but I have it in my head."

Mr. Clarke says that the best way to catch a squirrel is to climb a tree and act like a nut.

Dr. Hofferd - "How can we measure the height of a building by a barometer?"

Doris Wells - "Tie a rope to the barometer, lower it from the top of the building, and measure the rope."

Dr. Mark - "Did you hear about the moron who flooded the gymnasium?"

Class - "No."

Dr. Mark - "He heard that he was going to be a sub on the basketball team."

Mr. Roberts - "Esseltine, if you had two apples and McNeil took two away from you, what would you have?"
 Dewey - "A fight."

Policeman - "What was the number of that car?"
 Mr. Roberts - "I'm afraid I've forgotten it, but I remember noticing that if it were multiplied by 50, the cubic root of the product would be equal to the sum of the digits reversed."

Mr. Roberts - "So we finally find that X is equal to zero."
 Marie Virtue - "Fancy doing all that work for nothing."

Dr. Hofferd - "We have learned that heat expands things and cold contracts them. Can anyone give me an example?"

Elaine Hunter- "The days are shorter in winter."

Teacher - "Tell me one thing chemistry has given the world."
 Student - "Blondes."

Teacher - "The cow was in the pasture. What mood?"
 Student - "The cow."

"That driver ahead must be my old school teacher."
 "Why?"
 "She seems so reluctant about letting me pass."

"What model is your car?"
 "It isn't a model, it's a horrible example."

Teacher - "What is the highest form of animal life?"
 Student - "A giraffe, Sir."

Teacher - "There's a student in this class who is making a jackass of himself. When he's finished, I'll commence."

WHY I DO NOT STUDY

It started in Mr. McEachern's room

The word "book" comes from the Anglo-Saxon word "boc."
 The word "boc" means bark. Now dogs bark and when they do they make a "Woof" sound. But a wolf is a man who chases after girls. Therefore, since wolves are dangerous, do not go near books."

Mr. Roberts, (enlightening the class on the difference between wheat and alfalfa) - "Alfalfa is for fodder."
 A voice from the class - "And what is for mudder."

Critic Teacher (to inattentive pupil) - "Gary, what must
you do with your ears?"
Gary (without hesitation) - "Wash them."

WHO WOULD BELIEVE IT?

Last week three girls from Form III were teaching grade five at Governor Simcoe School. It was Thursday afternoon, a very dull, dreary one. During the first lesson Dr. Hofferd walked into the room. His sudden appearance didn't make the day any brighter.

The first lesson was soon over, then the second began - a table of exercises. Near the conclusion of this lesson Dr. Hofferd went up to the front and demonstrated an arm exercise. (The Normalites were thoroughly astonished. So were the pupils.

Dr. Hofferd continued by saying, "Now touch your toes without bending your knees, like this." -- A tense moment, then, would you believe it? Dr. Hofferd "dood" it. He actually bent over, and touched his toes without bending his knees.

One pupil at the back of the room who was laboriously stretching his neck was heard to say, "Well, I'll be darned."

